Humanity is on the verge of extinction.



The remaining human beings are surrounded by zombies. The number of these zombies is to

The number of these zombies is tens, hundreds, even thousands of millions times larger than that of humankind at its colden age.



Well, by "zombies", I meant "zombie followers". In particle obsiders 187 to are the accounts that on policy to artificially initial the number of fatts or likes on a They're usualty recognished by the ways formatting of their ecount name.

In 201X, Weibo's user base has already decreased gradually since its heyday.





In order to maintain the false image of prosperity, Welbo developed zomble followers that can automatically like, comment, and share.



Additionally, they can sutomatically steal pictures and texts from the Internet, claim content as their own, then use "XX Time Machine" to post them periodically on marketing accounts.



Many years have passed since then.

Welbo is still so lively, there are still trending topics and posts every day. Everything is line, nothing has changed.



Right now, anything I post can get a few thousand likes.



## But in reality, an incurable plague had suddenly spread among the population. Right now, humans have all but died out.



The people who look at my Weibo, the real ones, are almost nonexistent.



| | | FLASH!

Ah...
In the end, I'm still a human.
A being that feels pride when
being praised and happiness
when receiving attention...



In the bitter end, having the company of these incomprehensible things in my final moments isn't so bad...



No matter what, thank you, my zombie followers who "Liked" me...





## Yellow died.



Yellow who was always full of energy, who could always make me laugh, who was so cheerful and strong, who seemed untouchable by the plague, now also...





Total III Total bo of the organi



# Just looking at this makes me sad. Maybe I should delete him...





Are you sure to delete this friend?

Yes Cancel



No... I can'ti



Even though I personally buried Yellow, I still feel that... as long as I don't delete him...



Maybe Yellow will still sign on and say hello to me as usuat...





















# Yell

φιιφκ μεπε το get fα из 10¥=1000 πεαι foιισως Ουαπαν τεεδ



At least, seeing your icon light up again is enough for me...



Green, I have to you something Eh? Even Yellow is... Okay... Green, we might be the last two humans remaining on Earth 8 Right now I'm not feeling very well, maybe soon I'l also... 8 8 Anyway, no matte what, you have to keep on living! Blue, there's something I've been keeping from you.

I'm not lying to you. This is an intelligent chatbot talking to you. ... Impossible. Since when...

Only, this was a secret back then. But now that you're the only person remaining on Earth, the program decided that revealing it won't cause penic.





Really... so the last one standing is me.



But, in the very end, having your company sn't so bed. No matter if you're a program or not, you're still talking to me, right?

Yeah, I'm still Green





AD 2XXX, the last human on Earth passed away.





130 years later, the last manmade self-sustaining power station stopped functioning due to the decay of its components.



Unbeknownst to anyone, moments before Internet servers shut down for good, the last message on Weibo is:





# Goldwish Pond

Raws; Caek

Translation & Editina; Serin

QC: Rosie
Thank you for reading!